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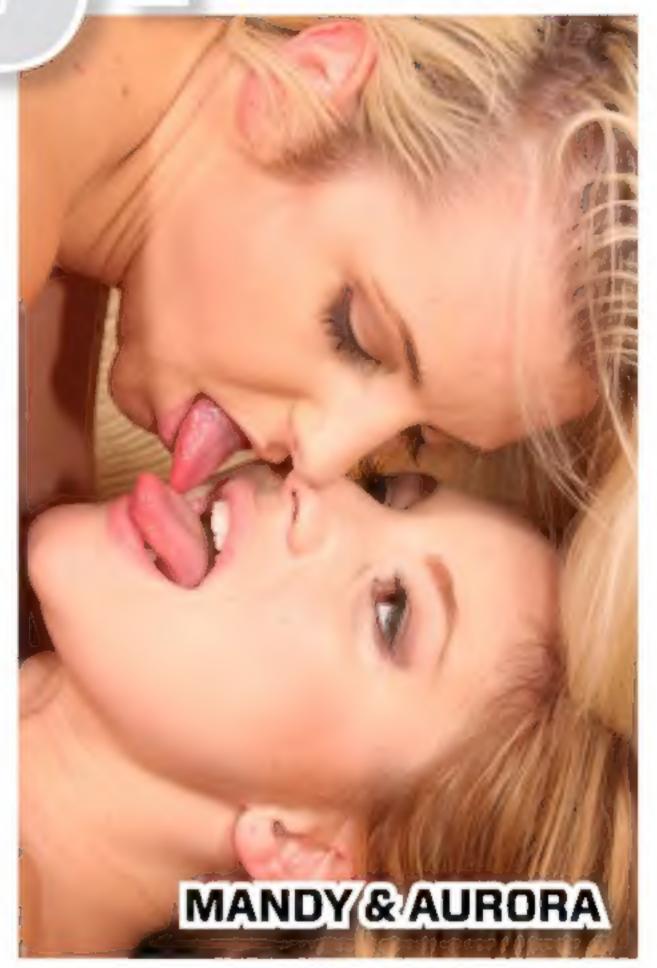
















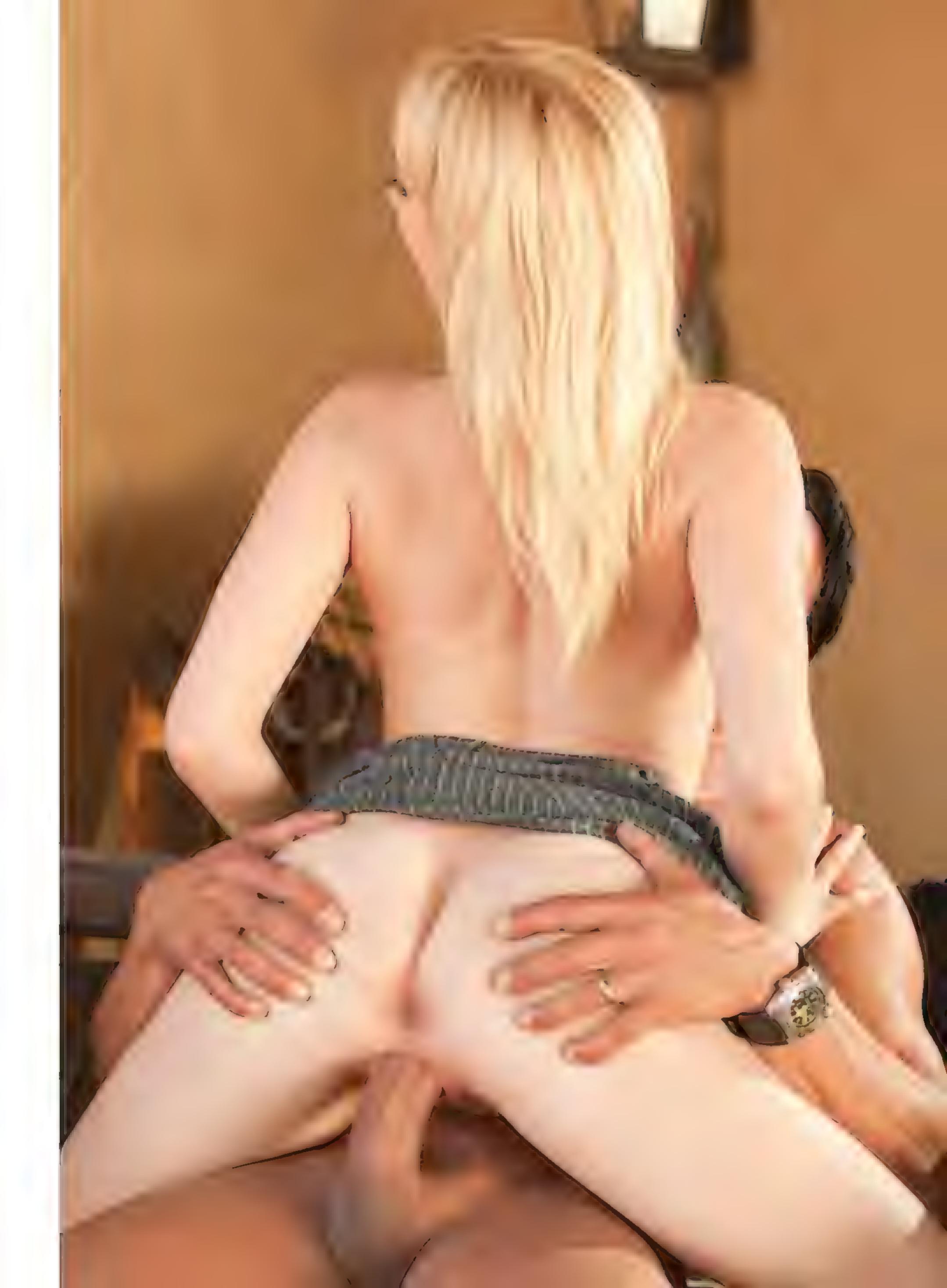


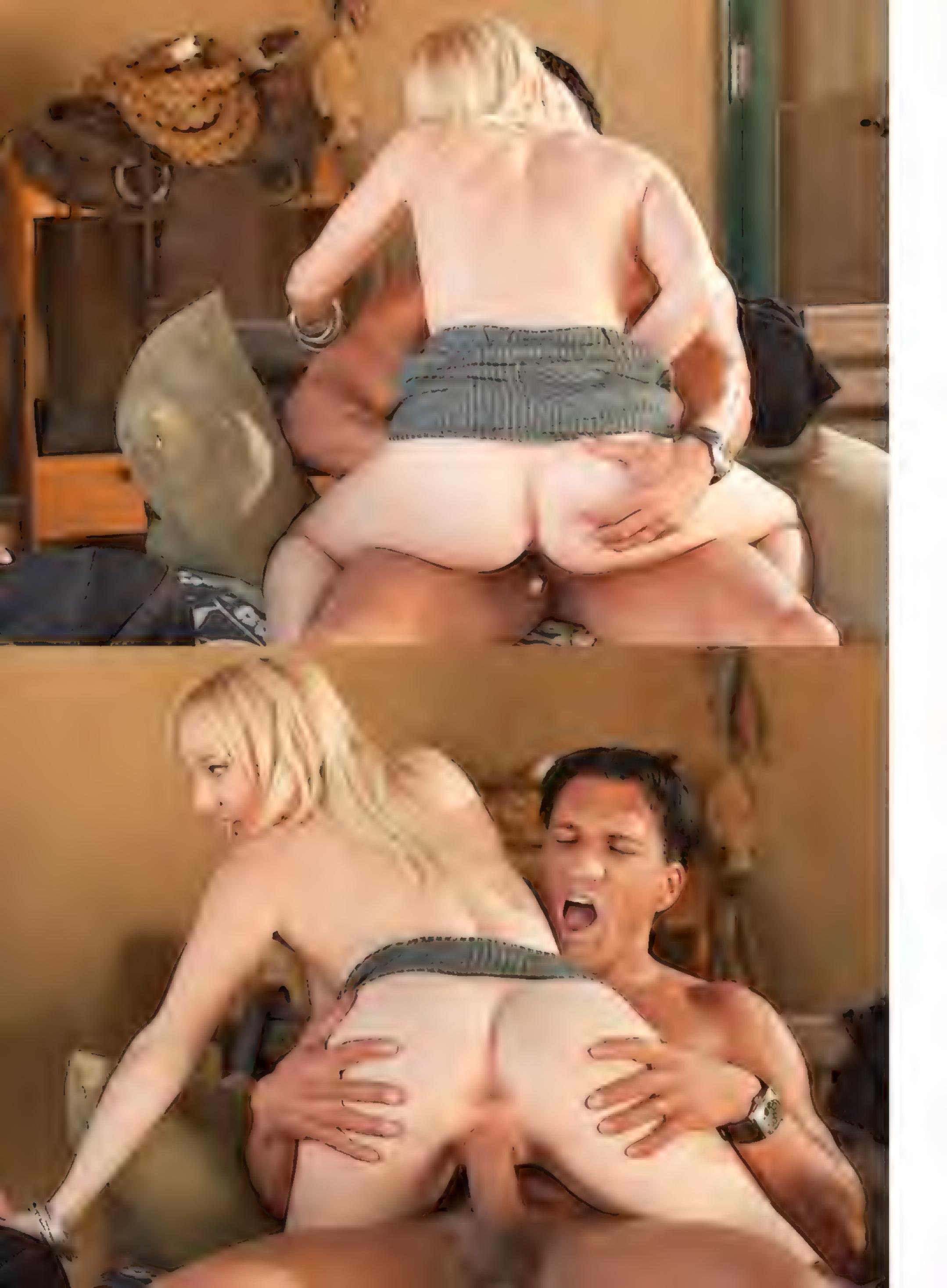






























































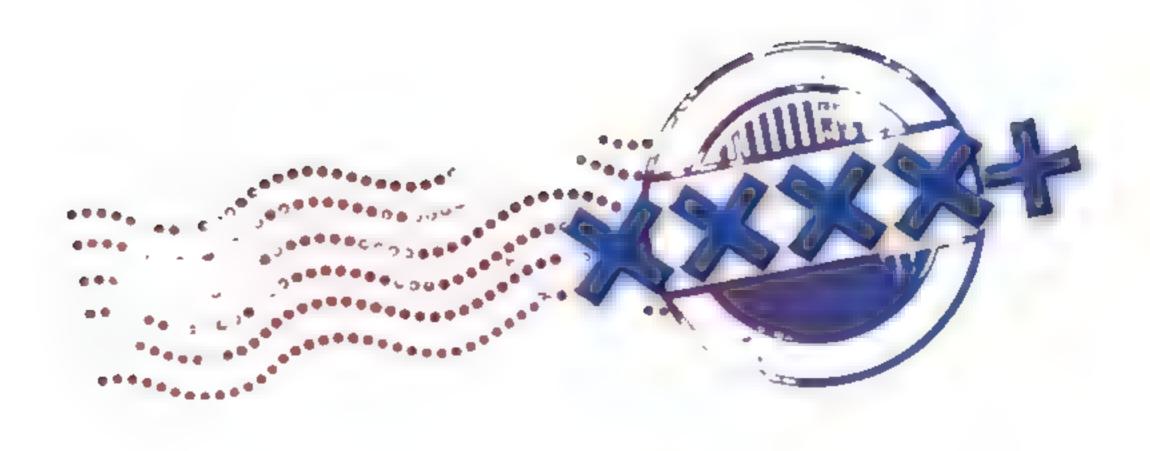












40+ #58

WRONG NUMBER TURNS RIGHT



I had a ten year relationship with a lady that I rid myself of about six months ago. Fortunately, I was able to find a few dates and even had sex a few times after that. At 46 years old, the fuck pool isn't as good as it would be if I was 20 years younger. But with enough searching, especially on the internet, I've been able to get my rocks off a few times. So one night, a few weeks ago, I found myself getting quite tired of everything.

can't tell you what a fuckin' turn on Brooke Haven is. Her looks, her body and her sexual appetite are all amazing. She is my perfect fuck doll. I would buy two or three of them if they were available in her likeness. Why that many? Because I would wear the first one out after a few days, and the rest would last me just until Christmas.

Jeff, Dallas

My job was okay for now, but I had been working twelve hour days. That night, it was around midnight, and I was working my second beer and laid down on my bed to watch some TV and, hopefully, fall asleep. Abruptly, my cell phone, sitting on the night stand, rang. I wasn't going to answer since it was so late, and I didn't. Ten minutes go by and the damn thing rings again. Someone must be wanting to reach me, I thought. I picked it up and slid the button across to answer it. On the other end was a sweet, soft woman's voice looking for Jeannie. I told her that she must have misdialed and she immediately apologized for calling so late. I told her that it was no problem, and we hung up.

I fell asleep and the next morning couldn't get her voice out of my head. And why would she be calling someone so late at night. I had the number in the call list and late that afternoon I called it. She answered and asked who it was. I told her that I was the man she inadvertently called late last

night. She quickly apologized again and I told her it was quite okay. I told her I had been thinking all day if she was okay. She asked why and I told her that almost all late night calls are because there is some sort of problem. Did she have one? She said she did but felt uncomfortable talking with me, a total stranger, about it. I asked if she believed in kismet, and after explaining what it was, she laughed and said, her problems are probably pretty typical. Knowing not to push it further, I apologized this time and said if she ever needs to let it out to a guy, I'd be happy to be that anonymous ear and voice on the other end of the line. She chuckled and we said good bye.

Three days later, right at midnight, she called. I asked if everything was okay and she said it was. She just couldn't sleep and liked talking with me. I thanked her and began to tell her a little about myself. In return, she told me her name was Kendra; she was an accountant at her husband's firm downtown. Had a couple kids that had grown up and graduated college and she wasn't happy as an empty nester. I consoled her as best I could and after about eight or ten minutes, we hung up. I didn't hear from her, nor did I call her for several days. But that didn't mean I didn't stop thinking about her.

That day, I was at work and drove home at my usual time, made some supper, and caught up on my drinking. About midnight the cell phone rings again. "Hi Kendra." We talked for more than two hours and she told me more about herself, but all I heard was she lived in a big house with her husband and a lap dog. We talked at length for the next couple nights more and I suggested that we meet. She was afraid to meet because of her husband. Even though they were sleep-



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ing in separate rooms, she felt she had to lock the door at night. She thought that her upcoming divorce was not going to be pretty. We talked some more and I tried to reassure her as best I could.

The next day I decided that, somehow, I would meet her. I(decided to call and see if she could slip out of her office and we would do a very, very casual meeting. No lunch, just an innocuous meet and greet. I wore my grey suit because I had an important meeting earlier in the day. I'm now waiting in front of a well-known sushi bar when I see her walking down the sidewalk. I was little bit nervous and excited. "So very nice to meet you in person." I said. She smiled and said I was much more handsome than the photos I had sent her. We walked and talked for a while and even exchanged some very eye contact.

Our stroll lasted about a half hour and we split for our respective offices. I said that I liked her so much and that I wanted to see her again. Her cheeks flushed red and she said she would call me. Later that night, she texted me: 'I miss you. Pls meet me at Exposé (a small local club) at ten.' It was a small club, nothing special, oldies music and a bunch of girls and guys, probably 40-year olds and up. Kendra was wearing a black dress and short heels. We talked and drank awhile and were joined by her friend Jeannie a half hour later.

I whispered that I would leave and if she wanted to see me later, to text me. I said good night to her and her friend and headed out. I'm driving home and ten minutes into it, I get a text: 'what's ur address?' I typed back and made it home. After fifteen minutes, I see a cab pull up to the house and watch her climb out. She rings my doorbell and I unlock the door. She started to say, "Don't think anything is..." but I sealed her mouth with kiss and we were started kissing furiously. I grabbed her ass, lifting her skirt with one hand and grabbing her boob with



the other. I lifted her up and carried her to the bed. She started laughing and screaming loudly when I 'dropped' her on the bed and took off my shirt and her dress. I saw the white skin of her body for the first time. I started kissing her stomach and her boobs, licking her nipples and biting with my lips and teeth gently. I pulled her panty off and see her nicely trimmed hairs and sweet pinkish labia with a small hard clit in the middle. It didn't take much licking and she was cumming already. I felt her sweet juices in my mouth as her body shook. I sucked her clit hard and rolled my tongue over her pussy lips.

I get rid of the rest of my clothes and lift her legs over my shoulders and rubbed my cock over her pussy slit. I push my hardness inside her and she screams with enjoyment. I knew she wanted me inside her, banging her hard and fast. I fucked her deep, slowing the rhythm and then pushing very hard deep. I felt her nails on my back. I didn't want to cum so quickly so I pulled out and let her rub my cock for a while. Her hands slid up and down easily since her pussy juices had lubed it up so well. Soon I felt sweet pressure in my balls. She must have felt it too as she started stroking it harder and harder.

I groan louder and louder as my moment approaches. Then my cock started shooting rope after rope of my man-juice over her

Dear 40+:

Hot, hot, hot. I just love three-ways and the one in your last issue is exactly why. I have been involved in several. Some with two guys and some with two girls. When I'm with another guy, you have to set up some ground rules. Both guys have to be on the same page so that no one gets jealous or hurt. It's always best not to get involve a girlfriend. Way too complicated afterwards. The best thing is to pick up someone at a club so there are no ties. They'll probably be more liberated than a girlfriend. Try it sometime, it's a lot of fun!.

Duke, Detroit

stomach and pussy hairs. I fell down on bed – tired. And she kisses me a lot and starts laughing so hard that all her body was shaking. I look over at her, "What... What?" I said. "I can't believe that I just did this," she replied, "I'm feeling like a woman again." I reached over and hugged her. We stayed in each other's arms for several minutes, until we slowly start touching each other. I get up and go to the bathroom and get a towel and rub her chest and tummy to wipe up her chest of my cum. As I did, she was stroking me and fondling my balls. She looked up at me and said, "Get rid of that towel and bring that beautiful cock over here. It needs some oral attention." Indeed it did.

Scott, Los Angeles

BATHROOM SURPRISE

I'm a professional house-sitter and I'm sitting for a corporate biggie while he is in Europe. I've done this for him before and he has paid me handsomely. The house is large and well-appointed. He's not married and known as a bit of a playboy.

I wake up this first morning there and I hear people's voices inside the house and realize it's coming from the bathroom down the hall. As I walk over to it, what I am hearing is not talking but moaning. I slowly push the door open and see two girls, naked in the shower but with no water running.

One is sitting on the bench with the other's got her head between her legs. The blonde is playing with her boobs while the brunette is squatting between her legs. I also notice one hand is between her legs and she has a couple of fingers buried inside the blonde's pussy. I rub my eyes in disbelief.

Blondie squeals and looks up, sensing someone is there. Me. By now, I've been watching for a few minutes. Just enough time to get a quick morning woodie. She glances down at



my hard cock and then at the brunette's ass facing my erection direction.

"Wanna fuck her?" blondie whispers. I come in and quietly walk behind the brunette still squatting, licking blondie's pussy. I drop down a bit so that my cock is at the right height and push it into her replacing blondie's fingers with my cock. She is sopping wet and squeals as I slide it in. Her eyes open as she realizes a man has entered her.

Blondie grabs her head and pulls it back to her pussy. I am pounding her hard and I can feel her pussy's on fire. Suddenly the brunette screams out that she's cumming. Her back arches and I am able to get in just a little deeper. Her pussy grabs me tight and suddenly I'm flooded with her juices. She screams loudly as she climaxes.

I don't stop and continue to plow my cock in and out of her pussy. Another orgasm racks her body. I finally feel cum rise from my balls and I happily coat her insides with a huge load. Her legs start to shake and after just a couple more thrusts I finally pull out.

Blondie cums a moment later and slides off the bench and onto the floor. I help them out of the bathroom and announce to the two girls that they have to leave – and come back later tonight!

Charles, Long Island

Dear editors,

I'm a big fan of threesomes. Hove to see a woman get her holes filled by some big cocks. I don't know why more ladies don't do it. Especially if they are sexual. If I was female, I'd love to have my pussy and mouth fucked at the same time, or even my pussy and ass. The sensations must be amazing.

- Paul, Boston

lf you have something interesting to share, then go write ahead. Send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them—or not Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

























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And go get your checkbook! I have six cats, a mortgage, car payments, credit card debt, and a mother that likes to play bingo every Thursday, so I have to pose naked in this magazine just so you can get your rocks off looking at my perky, delicious boobs.

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the games are on

It was the summer of 2013 and my company was ready for the annual employee get-together. In the past it had been a Texas BBQ picnic, a Rocky Mountain retreat, a Caribbean cruise, but this time we were going to have the first company Olympics. While there would be some athletic events, the bulk of the activities would revolve around office stuff that anyone could compete in. The three medals would be actual gold, silver and bronze. The non-winners were to get

commemorative watches or pen and pencil sets. I had a budget of \$15,000 for a two day event for just under one hundred people. That's forty employees, their significant others and all the stuff to run the events. In addition to all my other job responsibilities, I had tom plan all this in just three months. I thought what better place than Las Vegas. We could get the hotel rooms for cheap. There were both indoor and outdoor venues for the games, and every-

one could continue the good time on there own in the evenings. And my secret weapon to get this done... an event planner. Yes, their fee was a little steep, but it took so much off my plate, I was glad to pay it.

Finally the weekend of the event came. I set up the registration area and began to work out the bugs in the process. As the day progressed, things settled down and everyone seemed to be having a good time. I decided to sit myself on the sidelines as part cheerleader, part referee and mostly mother hen to the group. I was

stressing every time someone did something wrong or the event did not go off as expected. Suddenly a cute smiling face from another department appeared. It was LouAnn from HR. She had long straight blonde hair, a tight body, a great smile and always a happy glint in her eyes. Several years before she had been instrumental in my hiring and I'd kept her busy with new hires and fires. Since we were working together, I decided one day to ask her out on a date. She agreed but the date



turned out to be quite awkward since neither of us had really dealt with the emotions from being dumped by our previous lovers. We decided we really were not ready to jump into another relationship but we really needed a friend that we could confide in, cuddle with and be an understanding shoulder to cry on. That was us. While we came close to crossing out of the friend zone more than once, it never quite any father than that.

LouAnn looked at me and said "You look stressed, why don't you take a break and help me set up the next



event." We set up and then went for a walk. Off in the shadows we hugged, cuddled and talked. I told her how stressed I was. She said she was going to keep an eye on me and was going to pull me out for a hug and cuddling break when she saw me getting too stressed. Her plan was working and our 'breaks' were reducing my stress from being in charge. But all of the holding her shapely body close to mine, inhaling her scent was driving me wild and the light making out was causing me to have naughty thoughts about what I really wanted to do. Later that first night she asked me to walk her to her room. After a long hug and kiss, she thanked me for walking with her and went inside.

Day two did not start out well, The event planner had



fallen sick and it was now even more up to me that everything ran right and on time. LouAnn continued to pull me out for our cuddle and hug breaks. These were reducing my event stress but my lust stress for her was rising quickly. The second night she again asked me to walk her to her room and once again she hugged me tight, gave me a long good night kiss and went inside. I stood there for a moment, my cock was half hard and the tip was oozing precum on my underwear but all I could do was head back to the registration area.

Day three was really busy. Everyone was leaving, except for me and a select few that would help clean up. LouAnn was not one initially but she asked if I wanted her to stay and help out. I said "Sure, That would be

nice, but you've got to change your flight out to tomorrow. I'm on the four o'clock." After we finished cleaning up at three that afternoon, I signed off with the event planner and told the remaining staff they could hit the casinos or get massages or whatever they wanted to do, as long as it was legal.

LouAnn and I went to a 24-hour cafe there in the hotel and ordered a couple beers. We laughed and hugged and made out a little and she told me I had done a great job. As I gazed into her eyes and she said "Let's go to your room." We walked arm in arm to the elevator and up to my floor and my room. We took off our shoes and stretched out on the bed. As we cuddled and talked some more, she said, "I'd like to take a quick shower."

I said "Go ahead." but noticed that she didn't invite me in with her. After about ten minutes, I hear the shower turn off and a couple minutes later she comes out in only a towel wrapped around her and her hair up in a scrunchie. "Your turn." she says. "Be sure to scrub up nice."

After my turn, I come out with a towel around my waist and see her propped up at the head of the bed, hair down and the towel just laying on her. I walk over to her and coyly pull the towel down and off her body, slowly and making it obvious that I was looking at her goods. As I throw it on the floor, she reaches over and pulls mine off revealing a long semi-erect cock ready for her attentions. Then she pulls me down

next to her and kisses me deeply. Our tongues entwine as our hands begin to explore areas we had politely avoided before. My thigh was firmly between her legs as I kissed and licked her ears and neck. Both of our hearts were racing and our breathing was getting heavy.

Her nipples were the size of pencil erasers and they were hard and erect. My lips and tongue explored their way to her breast and began to lightly tease and suck on her rock hard nipples. She moaned as her hands guided my head to the exact place she wanted kissed and sucked. My left hand had already moved south and was massaging her perfect round butt. My right hand was sliding up and down her inner thighs, gently brushing her pussy lips each time my hand reached the top





of the stroke. Now I slipped my right hand over her fine, soft pubic hair and down to her pussy lips. I lightly teased her pussy lips gradually sliding a finger a little deeper with each stroke.

I slowly stated kissing my way down her firm trim stomach, kissed my way across her bush and began to lick and kiss up and down her inner thighs. The scent of her pussy was heavenly as I moved up her thigh but I resisted moving to her pussy. The tip of my nose did gently brush her pussy lips and my senses were being overwhelmed by her sweet inviting scent. My plan to tease her till she was losing control was not working, I was losing control due to her sweet scent, I wanted to taste her, I wanted to feel her bush and pussy grind against my face as she came wildly and I wanted to fuck her more than ever. My cock was hard and leaking pre-

cum; my heart was beating very fast and I wanted to get this woman off with my mouth and cock more than any other woman I had been with.

My lips came to rest at the top of her bush and I began to kiss and lightly pull her fine pubic hair with my lips as I moved down to her love box. My wet tongue thoroughly wetted her pussy lips and then I parted her pussy lips and explored deeper. She grabbed me by the ears and said "I want you inside me." I licked and drooled into my hand and used it to wet my cock a bit. I smeared the mixture of my saliva and on my swollen cock head and pressed it between her lips. She was tight and little short strokes only allowed me

a fraction of an inch deeper access each time. As my pre-cum lubricated her I finally got my cock buried to the hilt. I slowly began to pump her full stroke, damn she was tight, my cock wanted to unload but I held back wanting her to at least cum once before my dam broke and flooded her with my hot stuff. My thrust became harder and faster. My body was sweating profusely lubricating our chests and stomachs so our bodies were sliding like my cock inside her.

I could feel my will power waning as I felt my orgasm building. I pulled my cock out so only my swollen cock head was inside her and waited as I felt my cum was starting to move out before I slammed my cock in her and released a large spray of cum inside her. I pulled back and then contracted again filling her with even more of my hot cum. I came again and again before laying there quietly enjoying the feeling of my spent cock soaking in a cum filled pussy. I pumped her pussy slowly while we kissed softly, I could feel my cum running out between my balls and her butt with each stroke.

As we kissed and cuddled my cock began to soften causing it slide out of her. I rolled off and lay be her side. We talked an kissed some more and then she started stroking my cock back to hardness. She told me that she wanted to sixty-nine and I could be on top so my jizz wouldn't drip onto my face. How considerate I thought. I got into position and as we shifted to the middle of the bed. She took and guided my cock into her mouth as I settled my tongue onto her clit. First I made small circles around it as she did the same to my cock head.



Then I felt her pull it all in and I covered her clit with my mouth, sucking and licking it furiously.

She let me fuck her mouth until I came again, but it was her climax that made me cum harder. I sucked and pulled on her clit until she couldn't take it anymore and burst into a guttural moan that made the bed shake. Her cum, mixed with mine, was sweaty sweet and I lifted my head just in time to see her cum all over the sheets while holding my cock in her mouth. Finally, she let me go and we both went and took a shower together. Thankfully our return home was on a Saturday, so we got to do it all over again at my house. Keeping our hands off each other at work? Now, that was the most stressful thing of all.















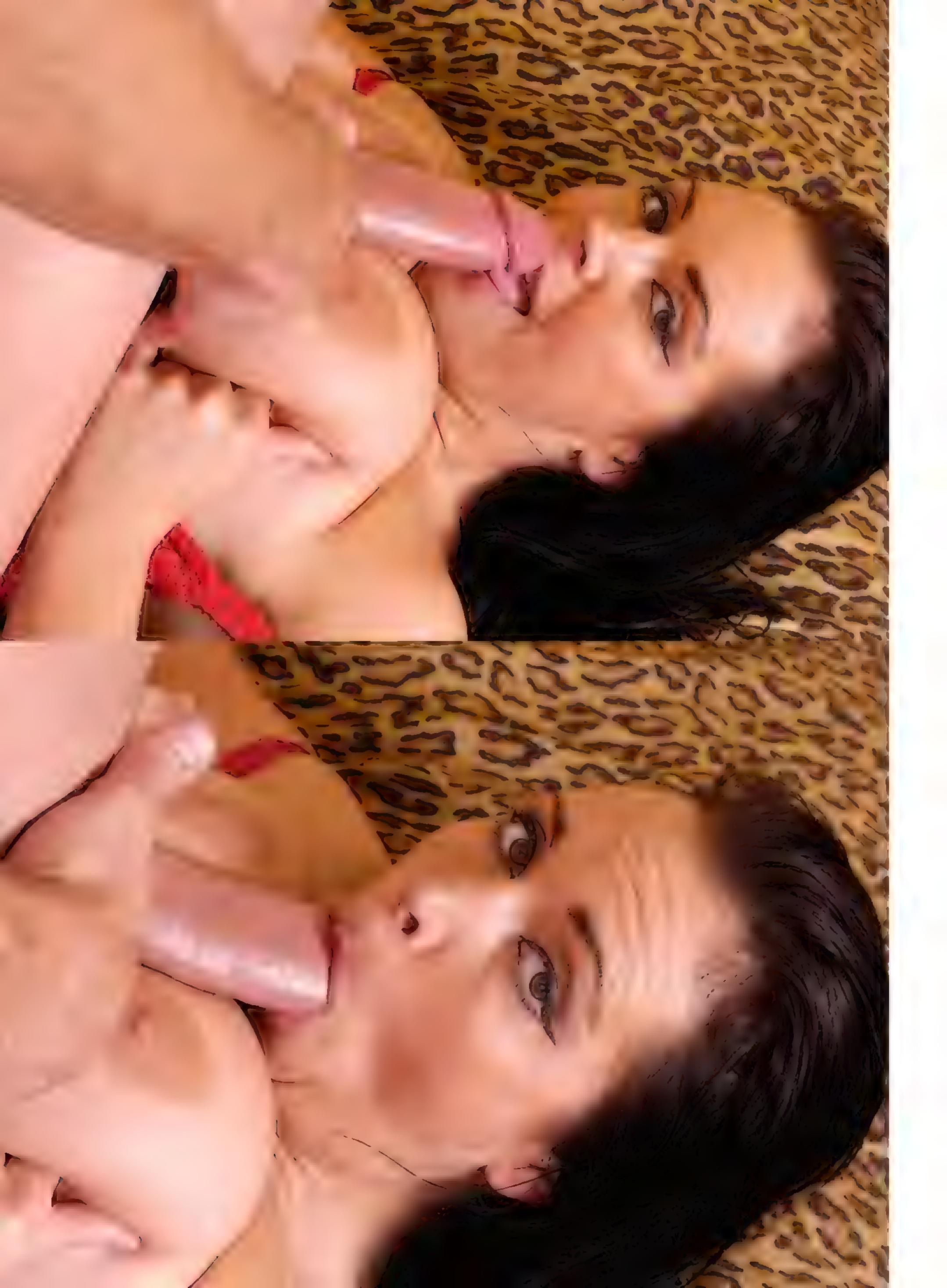
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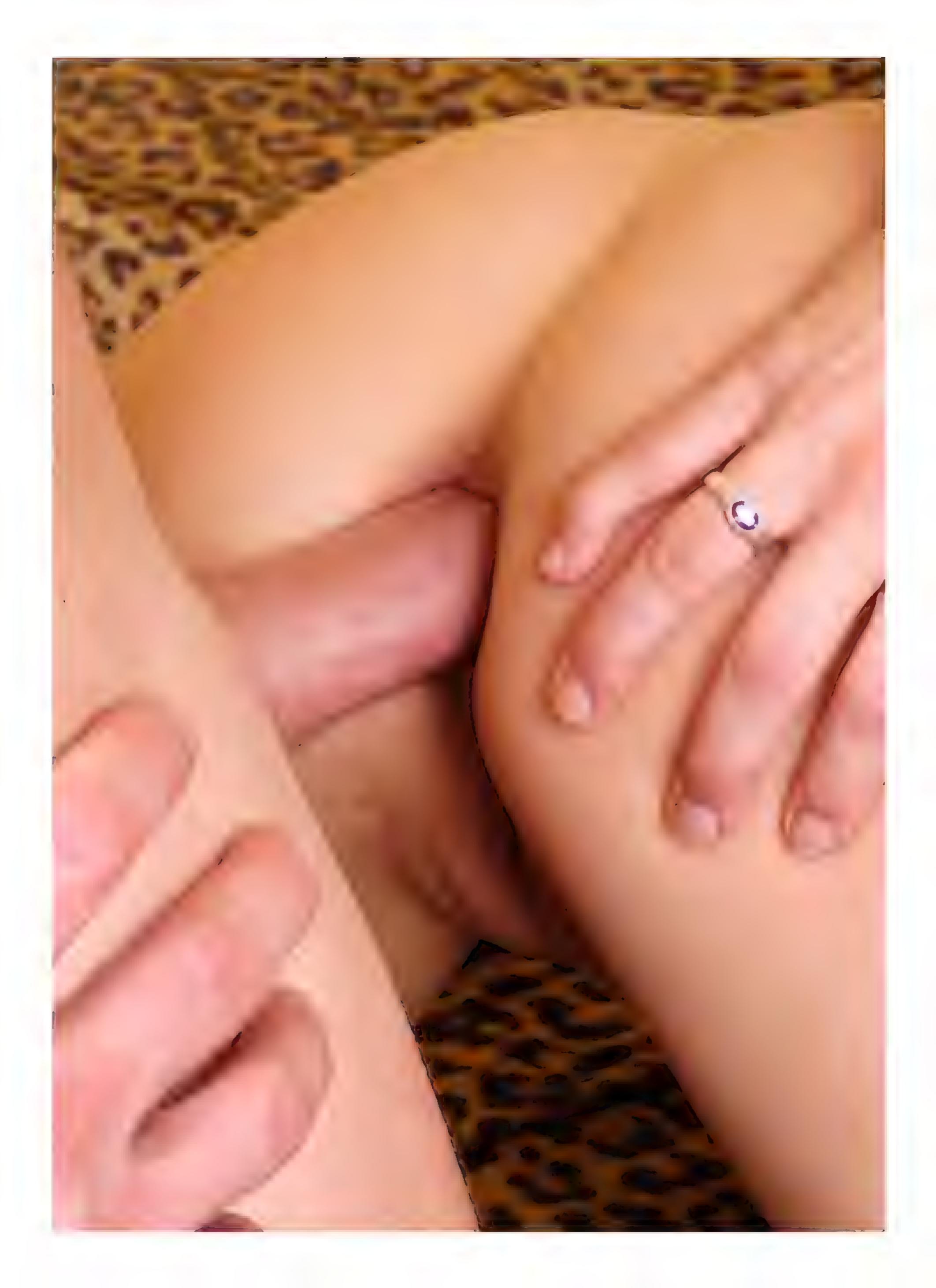
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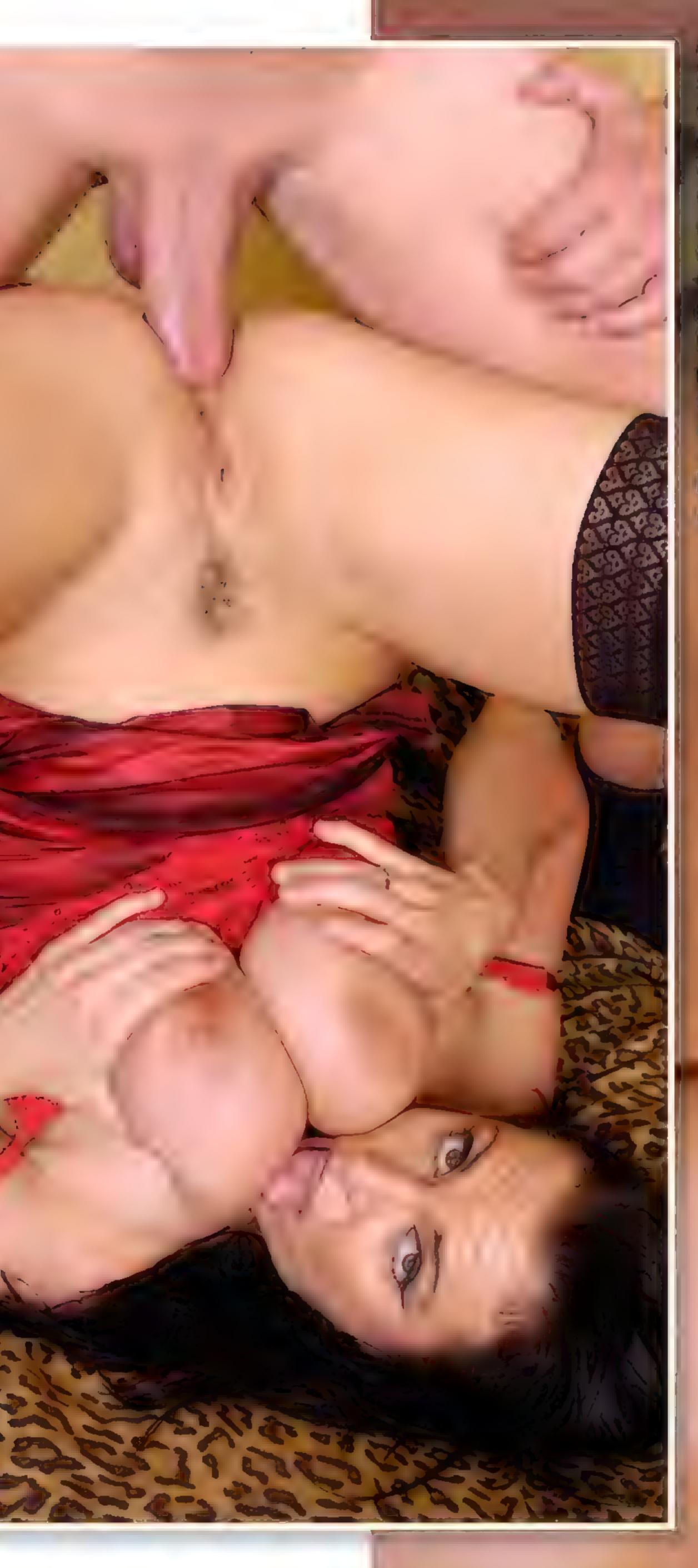












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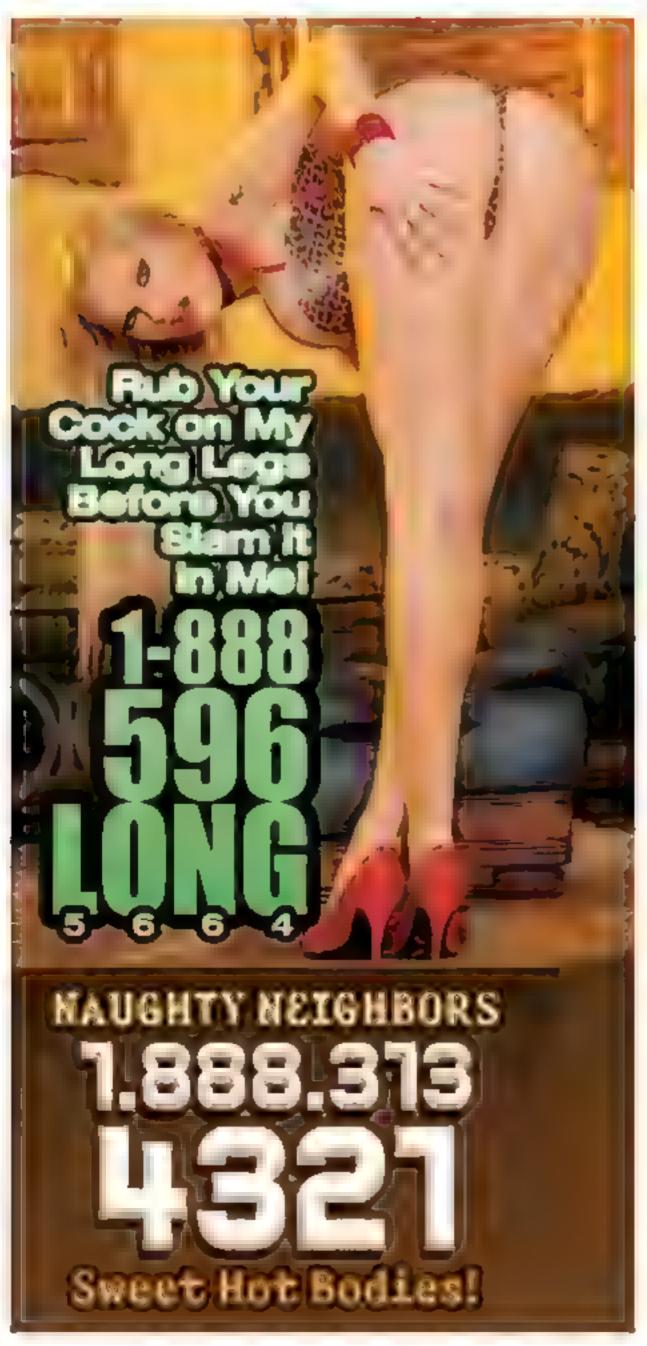
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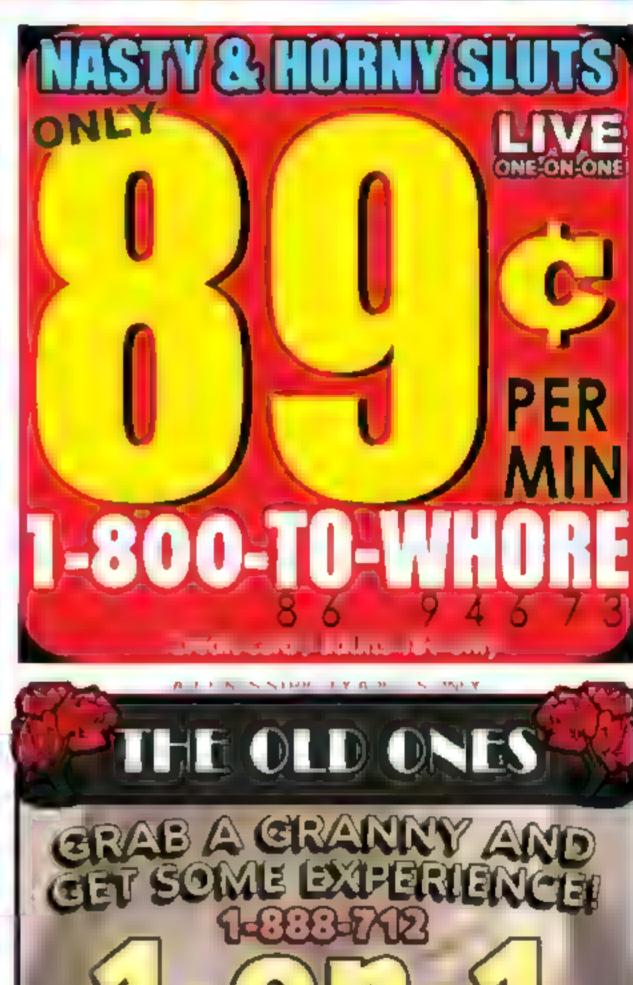












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